

Deja Vu

Logic

Aight, something I can relate to
Is being called "colored," "mullato," "zebra," "Lite-Brite"
You niggas questioning if I can even say "Nigga"
DJ Drama (Gangsta-)

Okay, I've been there, I've done that
This rap shit had to get 'round from that
My therapy helping the boy unpack
Yeah, the reason I left and don't wanna come back
Made a hundred million and was still depressed
You know with or without it, we still stressed
You know with or without it, we still blessed
Stealth mode like Ellie in Hillcrest
Yeah, everybody gonna die, gonna go, I know
That's why I flow like a river, my liver can't take no more
Ain't no more fucks to give, I gotta live my life
Regardless if you think I'm living it right
I was born in the dark now I live in the light
Bitch, I'm ready to fight like I'm Tyson
This shit is enticin', them diamonds on my neck be icin' (Goddamn)
Bitch, I inspired a generation
People that feel like they had nowhere they could belong, stuck in the simulation
Bitch, I am the king of innovation
But everybody got what they got from something else
I'm something else, I'm on the floor, you on the shelf
I'm in the ring, I got the belt, the hands been dealt
I am the king, this shit beyond the bling
And all the things that I thought this rap would bring
Back in the day in the trap, I was gripping the gat
As a matter of fact, I was dealin' with hella anxiety
And now today, well, I still got anxiety (Gangsta Grizillz)
It's fucking with my sobriety and the outlook that I have on society
It could be cripplin', even if your bank account steady triplin'
Because the money and fame, success and the game
Has nothing to do with the life of happiness you plan to attain
Gripping this grain
Everybody gonna die, gonna go, yes, I know that's for sure
Everybody wanna act, they wanna act like I motherfucking fell off
'Cause I did everything but get the Grammy
And I'd rather raise a family, rather be home and off of my phone
And all these other rappers soundin' like clones, leave me alone
You think you got it, better get to praying
Who you know go toe-to-toe with Em?
"Homicide," might have to go again
Student of the game, I studied him
JAY-Z, Nasir, and Rakim
Bitch, I got a million plaques, a million tracks, a million racks
A million facts to let 'em all know
That I'm ready to go, fade away, then fade to black for sure
All this shit you rapping wack for sure
Murder like Amity, peep the Calamity Ganon
I stay with the cannon, they talking that shit in the Discord
You know I'ma ban 'em, pull up in the Maybach and never the Phantom
Recorded Incredible True Story in a two-story
Could barely afford the rent, that's a true story
So don't pass it, decade later, it's a classic

What can I say? I guess I won't fade away

All day, every day

We was on that block until we made a way

Day to day, man, that's the only way

They gon' know my name until it fade away (Gangsta Grizillz)

Fade away, fade away

They gon' know my name until it fade a- ('Way, 'way, 'way, 'way)

Uh, fade away

Uh, they gon' know my name until it fade away

They say, "Damn

DJ Drama don't look like what he sound like"

Well, what you niggas expect?

Yeah, this light-skin nigga's the greatest to ever talk that talk (Ultra 85)

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